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## ORIGINAL.

### THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Mental improvement may be considered either as it respects the individual or the community. With respect to the nature and importance of individual improvement, almost every family, and most certainly every neighbourhood may furnish illustrations.

My neighbour Goodart has three sons; all arrived at maturity, and all in the ordinary sense of the term, promising young men; yet James, the second son, is the only one who possesses what is called an improved mind. William and George understand how to raise corn and cattle and how to make a bargain and how to save money. But they have no taste for reading. They know nothing of the history of their country—only that Washington was a great man and that the 4th of July is the Anniversary of American Independence. They have of course no proper conception of the nature of their civil and religious rights, and when they vote at the annual election they can give no satisfactory reason why they prefer this man to that. And their evenings and mornings, and wet days and the leisure times of the year are passed away in mere animal gratifications. It is not so with James. He understands all about managing a farm, and going to market and is as constant and active in the field in all the seasons of the year, as either of his brothers is. But he is also a

man of observation and reflection and reading, and he has upon almost all subjects a store of important facts always at command.

The improvement of the mind, with respect to the community, is just the aggregate of the mental improvement of the individuals composing that community. Where the majority of the active and efficient men in any country or neighbourhood possess such a character as James Goodart possesses, we say the community is in a high state of mental improvement; but where the majority are of the habits and character of his brothers William and George—though that majority may be sober and industrious and though the farms and the stock may be in a high state of improvement—yet we do not say that the human mind has arrived at any high degree of improvement.

In traversing these new settlements every reflecting mind must be struck with the vast number of immortal beings that are, in every cabin, springing up into existence and activity. To a stranger from any of the countries in Europe a large portion of these must also have the appearance of poverty and misery. Their appearance, so far as clothing and accommodations are concerned, carries more of want and poverty than the appearance of the children of the poorest householders in Britain and Ireland generally carries. But beyond the bare appearance no parallel can be drawn. The great majority of these children of the American settlements are the sons of "the Lord's of the soil;" and every one of them

may as soon as he is capable of reflecting and forming a plan for his own future lot, cherish with a great deal of confidence, the hope—that by the time, he shall be the head of a family, he also will have his 80 or 100 acres of land in fee simple, and with respect to the enjoyments of all civil and religious rights and privileges, be on a perfect equality with the most distinguished of 12 millions of free men.

There is, however, one painful thought connected with these views of futurity. What will be the mental improvement of a majority of these immortals? The black population, in the Southern States, are acknowledged on all hands to be unfit for the enjoyment of the privileges of freemen. The mass of the population, in the most of the countries of Europe, are, in their present state of mental improvement, equally unfit. A republican form of government would not, at this day, be a blessing to the majority of these countries. But similar causes, all the world over, will produce similar effects. Leave the human mind without the means of intellectual and moral improvement, and it will sink to the level of a brute, in a free as well as in a slave state—under a democratic form of government as well as under Austrian or Turkish despotism. Unless, therefore, the means of intellectual and moral and religious improvement are multiplied and extended in proportion to the unparalleled increase of human beings in these new settlements—though the forms of our republican institutions may remain, as they remained in Imperial Rome, in the days of Augustus, yet—in the ordinary course of events, their vigour and spirit and blessings will not extend beyond a generation or two. When men become incapable of governing themselves, or, what is the same thing, incapable of choosing upon proper principles those who are to make

their laws and administer their government—these men must submit to a master.

#### POLITENESS.

It was said, and has been often repeated, that “True politeness has its seat in the heart.” By this I suppose is meant, that politeness consists in correct feelings, and—to make the definition more complete—I would add, a correct expression of them. If this definition be admitted, it follows that, the best method of improving in politeness, will be to cultivate assiduously such feelings as, in the opinion of the wise and good, every man ought to exercise towards his fellow beings.

It is true, that an awkward deportment, or an excessive rusticity, or singularity of manner, does, to a considerable degree, detract from the well meant civilities of those who have not had the good fortune to be much conversant with the more polished circles in society. Yet, where merit is conspicuous, the character fair, the benevolence extended, and the disposition amiable, the want of the external graces, so indispensable in the opinion of those who have nothing more solid to recommend them, will be easily compounded for.

The object of politeness is to promote the happiness of those with whom we have intercourse, by contributing to their amusement and avoiding, as much as possible, every thing that would be likely to give them pain or uneasiness. The man then, who is most disposed and best qualified to effect this object, certainly prefers the fairest claim to the character. To which then, is the epithet more justly applicable? To the man who is most thoroughly versed in the whole routine of the most recent and most splendid etiquette, whose every movement, attitude, and gesture are gracefulness itself, whose compliments are delivered with the most studied accuracy, and

measured accents, whose voice is chastened into the softest tones, who would not say a good thing unless it was a pretty thing, but who would tell a thousand untruths, in conformity to the preposterous usage of modern etiquette, rather than be guilty of a breach of the smallest rule which caprice or fashion may have established? Or to the man, who, despising the exterior embellishments of form and deportment, has successfully applied himself in acquiring the more substantial accomplishments of science, correct views of human life, and high moral sensibilities?

I do not deny the importance of a genteel address. It is always agreeable, and frequently indispensable, to avoid creating prejudices, which it may be difficult, afterwards, to overcome. But the system of instruction, in the principles of politeness, which makes the acquisition of an insinuating address, the main object, and in order to promote this, sets the person free of all restraints from principle and veracity, is as absurd as it is contemptible.

After all that can be said in behalf of a fashionable education, (which they who are best acquainted with the subject cannot tell well how to describe) the man who knows most of the human heart, who is best acquainted with the laws by which the human mind is governed, who can discover most readily, and at the greatest distance, the consequence of every suggestion which he is about to make, the effect, which every action he is about to perform, will naturally have upon the thoughts and feelings of those with whom he is conversant, is, if he have but even a moderate share of good nature, the one best calculated to contribute to the enjoyment, and to avoid offending the most refined sensibilities of those with whom he has intercourse. And this, as was said, is the object of politeness.

#### CHARACTER.

Character, in its primary sense, means an engraving on a metallic plate. In its secondary sense, it signifies reputation, either good or bad. In both cases a close analogy is preserved: for reputation is the impression made by a man's conduct and demeanour on public opinion. As in the former case, it is not necessary that the engraving should bear the least resemblance to either the engraver or the instrument which he uses; so in the latter, character may be, and often is, widely different from every principle and feeling of the person possessing it, as well as, from the conduct and behaviour by which he ought, in truth, to be characterised. Public opinion is, of itself, the most variable, and the most liable to false impressions of any thing susceptible of impression. This, at first view, may seem discouraging. Why labour to become eminent if our success be so uncertain? We say, that the way to preferment, and distinction is, on this account, much more accessible, than if it required, in all cases, sterling merit to enable us to arrive at pre-eminence. It is much easier to seem to be patriotic, generous, philanthropic, or even learned, than really to deserve these appellations. The same remark is equally applicable to all that is desirable amongst men. In order then to make whatever impression we please upon the public mind, (and this is surely a desirable object,) one simple rule only is to be observed: and that is, always to make it dangerous, or difficult, or at least unpleasant, for any one to oppose us in obtaining our object. To test the utility, and universal application of this simple rule, let us suppose a few cases of more rare occurrence. Is it your ambition to be distinguished for politeness, a thorough acquaintance with all the punctilios of etiquette? Make it difficult to deny that you are what you wish to be thought.

This may be easily accomplished, as there is no exact standard by which to detect the fallacy. Do you wish to be thought rich? Make it difficult for any one to refuse you the appellation, by an exact conformity to the conduct of those who are known to be rich. This however can be effected only when at a distance from the place where our wealth may be thought to have its location. Would you be esteemed for great acuteness of mind? Make it impossible for any to deny that you possess this enviable endowment. This you will not fail to accomplish if on every subject you pay more attention, and attach more importance to what is minute, and, in reality, unimportant, than any other would be likely to do. For it must be supposed by all, that your facility in mastering the main principles is great indeed, since it affords you time to amuse yourself with these microscopic discoveries and hair breadth distinctions.

A similar course would be advisable if you wished to gain (I do not say establish) a character for soundness of judgement. In this case make it a point never to admit that you have been in an error, or have ever changed an opinion once formed. If it ever happens that you are convinced that an opponent is right, and of course that you are wrong, by no means be so weak as to acknowledge it. This would at once defeat the project: for if your fallibility be once admitted, you will find many ill-natured enough to differ with you, even when you have silenced them by length of argument, although they may not find it pleasant nor think it profitable to urge their difference of opinion any farther. The way to escape from this difficulty is easy, and cannot fail of success, in one way at least, and often in more. Those who understand neither of you, will give you credit for all that you could wish; and those

who do, will give you credit, at least, for ingenuity and perseverance. A reputation for candour is of but small importance.

But examples sufficient have been given. I am bold to assert, without fear of contradiction, that this rule will apply universally, and, to borrow language: "Every difficulty will yield to this principle, as a lock yields to the key formed to turn its bolts."

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### SELECTED.

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#### THE BOTHERATION CLUB.

This club was the invention of the late Lord Barrymore, who was, in some respects, a worthy imitator of the celebrated Rochester. Angelo, in his reminiscences, thus describes the Botheration Club. "This was instituted for the purpose of playing off a confederate annoyance upon some stranger guest, invited for the purpose: suppose a resident of the house, for instance, sent an invitation, by the connivance of his Lordship, to some tavern companion, a grave, topping shop-keeper, in London, to come and pass a few days as a guest at his Lordship's, and to partake of the festivities of Wargave. The person invited was received with great ceremony, and treated in the most courteous manner throughout the first day. On the second, some one, perhaps Anthony Pasquin, or the younger Edwin, two wicked, witty ministers of his Lordship's waggeries, would hatch some fallacious charge against him, to place him in a ridiculous point of view to the other guests, most of whom were confederates in the hoax. One present would begin, 'Pray Mr. Higginbottom, will you allow me to take a glass of wine with you?' 'Sir with great pleasure, but my name is Benson.' 'You are a wag sir,' was the reply. 'Come, let us hob-nob, sir; but 'pon my soul you are so like Mr. Higginbottom, my neighbour, in

Elbow-lane, that—excuse me—I could almost have sworn—'No, sir, I assure you, I know no gentleman of that name.' At this moment a confederate enters, and after bowing and apologising for being so late at dinner, begins to tell his lordship the cause of his delay on the road, when he suddenly exclaims, 'Ah! my old friend Higginbottom! Well, this is a pleasure indeed!' 'Indeed, sir, you have the advantage of me; I am not Mr. Hig—Hig—what's his name?' Then a loud laugh at Mr. Benson's expense; when he appeals to his friend who invited him thither; but he has purposely left the table. He then throws himself upon the protection of his lordship, who gravely observes, 'Sir appearances are against you; your friend has disappeared and I know not what to think.' Benson, bewildered, begins to stammer, that he is identically John—Jabus—Ben—son; when another adds to his embarrassment, by declaring, 'Why Higginbottom you are smoked.' 'What do you mean sir?' 'Why Sir, ha, ha, ha—that you are Isaac Higginbottom, mouse-trap and nutmeg-grater manufacturer, in Elbow lane, and the greatest wag in all London.' And these confederate jokers continue their play upon the worthy cit, artfully plying him with wine, until the fumes of the grape, working with his confusion, bemuddle his brain, so that he ultimately forgets whether he is Benson, or Higginbottom."

*From the Boston Literary Gazette.*

#### SATURDAY.

In glowing terms I would this day indite;  
Its morn, its noon, its afternoon and night;  
The busiest day throughout the week; the latter day;

A day whereon odd matters are made even;

The dirtiest—cleanest too—of all the seven;

The scouring pail, pan, plate, and platter day!

A day of general note and notability!

A plague to gentlefolks

And prime gentility,

Even to the highest rank—Nobility!

And yet a day (barring all jokes)

Of great utility,

Both to the rich as well as the Mobility!

A day of din—of clack—a clatter day;

For all, howe'er they mince the matter, say

This day they dread;

A day with hippish, feverish frenzy fed,

Is that grand day of fuss and bustle—Saturday!

We most cordially agree with the gentleman, whoever he was, that indited the above poetry. Saturday is the most thriving and bustling day of all the seven, and it really seems, since we began to bother with this paper, as if it came every other day in the week. How calm, peaceful, and accommodating a body is poor Mrs. MONDAY. She is a clever deliberate washerwoman, that seems to want for nothing but snuff and old clothes. The world goes easy with her, and she goes easy with the world. To be sure, she never *lays up* many coppers, but then, says she, "I feel so very tired and sleepy, Mrs. Simkins, after going to meeting twice yesterday, besides the lecture, that I can hardly stir my hands in the wash-tub; Sam's stockings, Marm, had better be mended by niece TOMORROW, before they are put in the wash: Yah—"

TUESDAY is a notable middle-aged lady, in bright spectacles, who is very grave and very silent, though she contrives to do some darning. WEDNESDAY is a driving widow of thirty-seven, who begins to fret that the work is so far behind-hand, and by the quickness of her tongue in finding fault, succeeds in scolding people into something like a tolerable activity. Next comes patient THURSDAY, a young lady of half a century, who takes her chair at the table and sips tea and tells news all day long. She has half a dozen set words which constitute the spice of her conversation. "Bless my soul!" "How you talk!" "O my!" "Did you ever hear the like of it?" Yes, you old moth; all will bear the like



of it, who spend their precious life at the tea table, and put off to a more convenient season, every employment but that of blasting their neighbors' characters! FRIDAY is a venerable old lady, very smart and very religious, who is nearly discouraged to see how much work remains to be done. The older she grows the more nervous she becomes; the cap, glass and book are laid aside, and she labours zealously, talking all the while of the degeneracy of modern times. But then comes SATURDAY, a strapping house-maid, with the strength of a giant and the tongue of a Xantippe. Soap-suds and sand! Hot irons and cool ovens! Hoity-toity. Nothing has been done. Every thing is in confusion. Where is John? Where is Dick? Sam what have you been doing all the week? What fine order those things are in? Here take this brush—scrub up the andirons—clean the knives, &c. The house is turned topsy-turvy. All is dust, suds, bustle, scolding and confusion. A Saturday in the city, is a day of dust and bustle. Folks get up in the morning with a glimmering idea of the approaching hubbub, and feel marvelously apprehensive lest they yield up to dirt and despair. Early in the day, people are thronging in from the country. The taverns begin to be filled up. The sun beats hot—the streets are crowded with ladies after patterns; the markets are thronged with flies and housekeepers, who are then obliged to provide the food of two days; money borrowers are also on the trot, to gather the wherewithal to pay their bank notes for that day and Sunday—so that a large half of the business of the whole week is now transacted. As for reading newspapers at such a time—the thing is impossible. Half the citizens cannot get time to put on clean linen or to be shaved. In fact the day is so fruitful of toil and trouble that we never cease to wonder

at the wish of the cunning African, who prayed to have Saturdays every day, that Sunday might come often-er. But enough—

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit, The clock has struck twelve upon the bell; I'll hence—

#### STATISTICAL.

We believe that the following statistical statement of the territory, population, &c. of the principal powers of Europe and Asia, will be interesting to our readers, especially at this time, when war is expected between Russia and Turkey, and in which the other European powers may be involved. The statements cost us some labour: they have been compiled from the best sources and latest information.

#### EUROPE.

*Austria*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 12,147.66; whole population, 31,941,304; 25,610,804 catholics, 2,900,000 protestants, 470,000 jews, 2,960,000 Greeks and 500 mussulmans: land forces in time of peace, 271,404, and 750,504 in time of war; naval forces in time of peace and war, 28 vessels.

*Bavaria*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 1,382.40: whole population, 3,701,025: 2,754,173 catholics, 1,073,450 protestants, and 55,402 jews: land forces in time of peace, 53,898, and 71,600 in time of war.

*British Empire*, territorial surface in geographical square miles 5,555.08: whole population, 21,383,219: 7,000,000 catholics, 14,371,219 protestants, and 12,000 jews: land forces in time of peace, 102,083, and 378,370 in time of war: naval forces in time of peace, 449 vessels, and 1,050 in time of war.

*Denmark*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 2,465.50: whole population, 1,984,665: 2,000 catholics, 1,976,665 protestants, and 6,000 jews: land forces in time of peace, 38,819, and 97,819 in time of

war: naval forces in time of war and peace 97 vessels.

*France*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 10,086.73: whole population, 31,845,428: 30,661,428 catholics, 1,124,000 protestants, and 60,000 jews: land forces in time of peace, 233,320, and 314,628 in time of war: naval forces in time of peace, 110 vessels, and 150 in time of war.

*Netherlands*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 1,196.55: population, 6,059,566: 3,660,000 catholics, 2,329,566 protestants, and 80,000 jews: land forces in time of peace, 43,297, and 69,472 in time of war: naval forces in time of peace, 76 vessels, and 150 in time of war.

*Portugal*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 1,722.18: whole population, 3,013,950: ——— catholics, land forces in time of peace, 23,538, and 50,638 in time of war.

*Prussia*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 5,014.67: whole population, 12,204,000: 4,508,000 catholics, 7,543,200 protestants, and 152,800 jews: land forces in time of peace, 165,000, and 524,428 in time of war.

*Russia*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 75,164.69: whole population, 48,308,000: 6,600,000 catholics, 2,640,000 protestants, 235,000 mussulmans, 38,383,000 Greeks, and 450,000 jews: land forces in time of peace, 700,000, and 1,039,000 in time of war: naval forces in time of peace, 150 vessels, and 406 in time of war.

*Sweden*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 13,736.15: whole population, 3,201,714: 300 catholics, 500 jews, and 3,800,414 protestants: land forces in time of peace, 45,201, and 138,659 in time of war: naval forces in time of peace, 30 vessels, and 372 in time of war.

*Two Sicilies*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 1,987.40: whole population, 7,121,740: 7,039,740 catholics, 80,000 Greeks, and

2,000 jews: land forces in time of peace, 30,000, and 60,000 in time of war: naval forces in time of peace, 12 vessels, and 246 in time of war.

*Spain*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 8,441.40: whole population, 11,411,924: catholics: land forces in time of peace, 46,000, and 173,550 in time of war: naval forces in time of peace and war 62 vessels.

*Turkey*, territorial surface in geographical square miles, 10,500.22: whole population, 10,183,000: 310,000 catholics, 5,965,000 Greeks, 312,000 jews, 2,889,000 mussulmans, and 706,000 of other religious sects: land forces in time of peace, 80,000 and 160,000 in time of war: naval forces in time of peace, 80 vessels, and 160 in time of war.

#### ASIA.

*British Empire*, extent of territory in geographical square miles, 54,526: whole population, 114,500,000: land forces in time of peace, 213,000, and 400,000 in time of war.

*China*, extent of territory in geographical square miles, 252,448: population, 185,500,000: land forces in time of peace, 1,000,000, and in time of war 1,500,000.

*Russian Empire*, extent of territory in geographical square miles, 276,020: whole population, 11,992,000.

*Persia*, extent of territory in geographical square miles, 22,104: population, 11,387,000: land forces in time of peace, 80,000, and 255,000 in time of war.

*Turkey*, extent of territory in geographical square miles, 21,085: population, 11,064,000. — *Southron.*

#### HOGARTH'S LAST PAINTING.

A few months since, an ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments: he proposed for his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the *tail-piece*—the idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the conviv-

ial glass was circulating round his own table—"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be *the end of all things*."

"If that be the case,"—replied one of his friends,—"*your business will be finished; for there will be an end to the painter.*"

"There will so!" answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner *my work is done the better.*"

Accordingly, he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did, in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the *end of all things*. A broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt-end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the *sign post* of an old tavern called the World's End tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down—Phebus' horses dead in clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, and a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the whiff of smoke going out—a play book opened, with *Exeunt Omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. "So far, so good," cried Hogarth, "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a *painter's pallet broken*—"Finis!" said Hogarth, "*the deed is done! all is over.*"

It is remarkable, and little known, perhaps, that he died a month after finishing this Tail Piece, having never again taken the pallet into his hand.

From the *Athenæum*.

#### SALATHIEL:

*A Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future.* 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

A copy of this interesting and powerfully written work having just come into our hands, we are anxious to give our readers an opportunity of judging of its very peculiar beauties and originality of style. For this purpose we have selected several extracts; but, as the work itself is not yet complete, we must defer giving a detailed opinion of it, till we are able to read the conclusion. We must, however, mention, that the story commences with the terrors that followed our Saviour's Crucifixion and the Siege of Jerusalem; that the scene is Judea, and the principal character, that mysterious being on whom the doom is supposed to have been passed of existing upon earth till the Second Advent.

#### *The Demon Epiphanes.*

"In one of those wanderings, I had followed the course of the Kedron, which, from a brook under the walls of Jerusalem, swells to a river on its descent to the Dead Sea. The blood of the sacrifices from the conduits of the altars curdled on its surface, and stained the sands purple. It looked like a wounded vein from the mighty heart above. I still strayed on, wrapt in sad forebodings of the hour when its stains might be more than sacrifice; until I found myself on the edge of the lake. Who has ever seen that black expanse without a shudder? There was the ingulfed cities.—Around it life was extinct—no animal bounded—no bird hovered. The distant rushing of the River Jordan, as it forced its current through the heavy waters, or the sigh of the wind through the reeds, alone broke the silence of this mighty grave. Of the melancholy objects of nature, none is more depressing than a large expanse of stagnant waters. No



gloom of forest, no wilderness of mountain, is so overpowering, as this dreary, unrelieved flatness:—the marshy border—the sickly vegetation of the shore—the leaden color which even the sky above it wears, tinged by its sepulchral atmosphere. But the waters before me were not left to the dreams of a saddened fancy:—they were a sepulchre. Myriads of human beings lay beneath them, entombed in sulphurous beds. The wrath of heaven had been there.

“The day of destruction seemed to pass again before my eyes, as I lay gazing on those sullen depths. I saw them once more a plain covered with richness; cities glittering in the morning sun; multitudes pouring out from their gates to sports and festivals: the land exulting with life and luxuriance. Then a cloud gathered above. I heard the voice of the thunder;—it was answered by the earthquake. Fire burst from the skies;—it was answered by a thousand founts of fire from the plain. The distant hills blazed, and threw volcanic showers over the cities. Round them was a tide of burning bitumen. The earthquake heaved again. All sank into the gulf. I heard the roar of the distant waters. They rushed into the bed of fire; the doom was done: the cities of the plain were gone down to the blackness of darkness for ever.

“I was idly watching the bursts of suffocating vapour that shot up at intervals from the rising masses of bitumen, when I was startled by a wild laugh and a wilder figure beside me. I sprang on my feet and prepared for defence with my poniard; the figure waved his hand in sign to sheathe the unnecessary weapon; and said, in a tone strange and melancholy, ‘you are in my power, but I do not come to injure you. I have been contemplating your countenance for some time: I have seen your features deeply disturbed—your wringing hands—your

convulsed form: I am even as you are!”

“The voice was singularly mild: Yet I never heard a sound that so keenly pierced my brain. The speaker was of the tallest stature of man—every sinew and muscle exhibiting a gigantic strength; yet with the symmetry of a Greek statue. But his countenance was the true wonder—it was of the finest mould of manly beauty: the contour was Greek, but the hue was Syrian: yet the dark tinge of country gave way at times to a more than-corpse like paleness. I had full leisure for the view; for he stood gazing on me without a word; and I remained fixed on my defence. At length he said, ‘put up that poniard! You could no more hurt me, than you could resist me. Look here!’ He wrenched a huge mass of rock from the ground, and whirled it far into the lake, as if it had been a pebble. I gazed with speechless astonishment. ‘Yes,’ pursued the figure, ‘they throw me into their prisons—they lash me—they stretch me on the rack—they burn my flesh.’ As he spoke, he flung aside his robe, and showed his broad breast covered with scars. ‘Short-sighted fools! little they know him who suffers, or him who commands. If it were not my will to endure, I could crush my tormentors as I crush an insect. They chain me too,’ said he with a laugh of scorn. He drew out the arm which had hitherto been wrapped in his robe. It was loaded with links of iron of prodigious thickness. He grasped one of them in his hand, twisted it off with scarcely an effort, and flung it up a sightless distance in the air. ‘Such are bars and bolts to me! When my time is come to suffer, I submit to be tortured! When my time is past, I tear away their fetters, burst their dungeons, and walk forth trampling their armed men.’

“I sheathed the dagger. ‘Does this strength amaze you?’ said the

being: 'look to yonder dust;' and he pointed to a cloud of sand that came flying along the shore. 'I could outstrip that whirlwind; could plunge unhurt into the depths of that sea; I could ascend that mountain swifter than the eagle; I could ride that thunder cloud.'

"As he threw himself back, gazing upon the sky—with his grand form buoyant with vigour, and his arm exalted—he looked like one to whom height nor depth could offer no obstacle. His mantle flew out along the blast like the unfurling of a mighty wing. There was something in his look and voice that gave irresistible conviction to his wild words. Conscious mastery was in all about him. I should not have felt surprise to see him spring up into the elements.

"My mind grew inflamed with his presence. My blood burned with sensations for which language has no name: a thirst of power—a scorn of earth—a proud and fiery longing for the command of the hidden mysteries of nature. I felt, as the great ancestor of mankind might have felt, when the voice of the tempter told him, 'ye shall be even as gods.'

"'Give me your power,' I exclaimed; 'the world to me is worthless: let me live in the desert, and be even as you are: give me your power.' 'My power!' he repeated, with a ghastly laugh that rang to the skies, and was echoed round the wilderness, by what seemed voices innumerable, until it died away in a distant groan. 'Look on this forehead!'—he threw back the corner of his mantle. A furrow was drawn round his brow, covered with gore, and gaping like a fresh wound. 'Here,' howled he, 'sat the diadem—I was Epiphanes.'

"'You, Antiochus! the tyrant—the persecutor—the spoiler—the accursed of Israel!' I bounded backward in sudden horror.

"I saw before me one of those

spirits of the evil dead, who are allowed from time to time to reappear on earth in the body, whether of the dead or the living. For some cause that none could unfold, Judea had been, within the last few years, haunted by them more than for centuries. Strange rites, dangerously borrowed from the idolaters, were resorted to for our relief from this new terror; pulling of the mandrake at the eclipse of the moon—incantations—midnight offerings—the root Baaras, that was said to flash flame, and kill the animal that drew it from the ground. Our Sadducees and scep-tics, wise in their own conceit, declared that possession was but a human disease, a wilder insanity. But with the rage and misery of madness there were tremendous distinctions that raised it beyond all the ravages of the hurt mind, or the afflicted frame; the look, the language, the horror of the possessed were above man. They defied human restraint; they lived in wildernesses where the very insects died; the fiery sun of the East, the inclemency of the fiercest winter, had no power to break down their strength. But they had stronger signs; they spoke of things to which the wisdom of the wisest was folly; they told of the remotest future with the force of prophecy; they gave glimpses of a knowledge brought from realms of being, inaccessible to living man; last and loftiest sign, they did homage to his coming, whom a cloud of darkness, the guilty and impenetrable darkness of the heart, had veiled from my unhappy nation. But their worship was terror—they believed and trembled."—Vol. I. pp. 93—100.

#### BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

From an account of this structure, in the Boston Evening Bulletin, we take some particulars respecting its site and progress. It stands not far from the site of the old Tuscan pillar erected to the memory of Gen. War-

ren in 1783, and is about two miles from the centre of the city of Boston, in an open piece of ground elevated about 70 feet. This spot commands a full view of Boston harbor gemmed with numerous verdant islets, and alive with vessels; forming an animated contrast to the tranquil forest and mountain scenery, interspersed with villages, in the rear ground. The "now magnificent metropolis" of Massachusetts rises between, spreading its bridges across Charles River to the main land. Of its northern extremity, the famous Copp's Hill, which is interesting as an ancient cemetery, as its connection with the Revolution, may be seen as much as has been spared by the spirit of modern improvement.

The exterior of the monument is to have four equal faces, tapering very gradually from its base upwards; but the interior wall is circular, between which and a hollow cone in the centre, are the steps leading to the summit, which will be more than 300 in number. As yet only four courses are laid of the immense blocks of granite which are to compose the structure, being a twentieth part of the whole number. When finished, it will be the most stupendous mass of granite raised to such an elevation, in this part of the world. The apparatus to raise the stone, is necessarily of an extraordinary kind. A huge mast, with a sort of sliding boom, rises in the centre, secured at the top by iron chains fastened to four large posts fixed at proper distances in the earth. Strong pullies, and other suitable engines are attached. Should no interruption occur in conveying the stone from the quarries to Charlestown, it is thought the work may be completed in one year; and were applicable resources, at this moment within reach of the builders, might even be finished the present season.—There is no danger of any failure of the design. The "Association" own about fifteen acres of the

ground around the monument. A hundred and fifty building lots have been laid out around an open area of five acres. The summit of the hill will be made to present an even surface for some extent, and the ascent handsomely graduated, with level walks at proper intervals connected by steps or embankments rising towards the base of the monument; the whole forming an elegant promenade. *Balt. Amer.*

#### WHO FIRST PEOPLED AMERICA?

The Rev. Isaac McCoy, the Principal of the missionary establishment upon the St. Joseph of Lake Michigan, a man of sound judgement and rigid integrity, has observed a class of works in that country, differing essentially from any which have been elsewhere found. As his account of them is interesting, we shall transcribe the letter he has addressed to us.

"Aware of the interest you feel in every thing relating to the character and condition of the aborigines of our country, I do myself the pleasure to enclose to you a plat of a tract of land, which has been cultivated in an unusual manner for this country, and which was abandoned by its cultivators ages ago.

"These marks of antiquity are peculiarly interesting, because they exhibit the work of civilized and not of savage man. All, or nearly all, the other works of antiquity, which have been found in these western regions, convince the observer, that they were formed by men, who had made little or no advance in the arts. If we examine a number of mounds in the same neighbourhood, we find them situated without any regard to order in the arrangement, precisely as modern savages place the huts in their villages, and plant corn in their fields. If we observe a fortification made of earth, we shall find it exhibits no greater order in its formation, than necessity, in a similar case, would

suggest to an uncultivated Indian of modern days. If it be a wall of stone, the stones are unbroken, as they were taken from the quarry, or rather from the neighbouring brook or river.

"In the works to which I now allude, we find what we suppose to have been garden spots, thrown into ridges and walks with so much judgment, good order, and taste in the arrangement, as to forbid a thought that they were formed by uncivilized man. The plans sent you by no means represent the most striking works. I procured these because the places were near my residence. I can find several acres together, laid out into walks and beds, in a style which would not suffer by a comparison with any garden in the United States.

"These places were not cultivated by the early French emigrants to the country, because

"1. They evince a population at least twenty times greater than the French ever had on any of the lakes in those early times. In the tract of country in which I have observed them, of one hundred and fifty miles in extent, north and south, from Grand River to the Elksheart, - I think the number and extent of these ancient improvements indicate a population nearly or quite equal in density to that of Indiana.

"2. The early French establishments were generally made on navigable streams. But these improvements are spread over the whole country. Scarcely a fertile prairie is found, on the margin of which we do not observe these evidences of civilization.

"3. These works were abandoned by their proprietors long before the country became known to the Europeans. The timber, standing, fallen and decaying, on these cultivated spots, has precisely the same appearance in respect to age, as that immediately adjoining. On a clus-

ter of these beds, a plan of which I send you, I cut down a white-oak tree which measured three feet two inches in diameter, two and a half feet above the ground, and which was three hundred and twenty five years old, if the real age of a tree is indicated by the number of its concentric circles.

"From the indications yet remaining, it is certain that most of these works have disappeared. We find none in the beech, ash or walnut land, because here the earth is loose and mellow to the surface, and not bound with grass. We find them rarely in prairies far from the timber, because the places of which I speak have been, I suppose, not fields, but gardens, convenient to dwelling houses, which were probably placed in the vicinity of the timber, for the same reasons which induce our present settlers to select similar sites for their residence. In what we call barrens, adjoining prairies, the earth is bound by the grass, in the same manner as that of the prairie itself, and by these means the ridges are preserved. And notwithstanding the causes which are in daily operation, to destroy these works, I am confident I have seen acres of them which will exist for centuries, if assailed by no other hand than that of nature. The Indians of Grand River informed me, that these appearances are found all over the waters of that river, and that they extend south upon the waters of the Kekalimazoo. A few are found near Mickillimackinac. To use their expression, 'the country is full of them.'

"The Indian tradition on this subject is, that these places were cultivated by a race of men, whom they denominated the Prairie Indians, and that they were driven from the country by the united tribes of Chippewas, Ottawas, and Potawatomes. The few who survived the calamities of war, went westward, and some may even yet exist beyond the Mis-

issippi. But not the smallest reliance can be placed on any Indian tradition relating to a remote period."

**Reviewers.**—The days of the infallibility of Reviewers are past; or, to speak more simply and truly, the days of their extreme power. Time was when a critique in the Edinburgh, or the Quarterly Review, was a sentence beyond recall or appeal. Like the dicta of the Delphic Oracle, they came forth, solemn, mysterious, fatal. But, of late years, the machinery has been, in a great measure revealed. The strings by which the hands of the image were made to move, and the eyes to wink, have been exposed to the gaze of "the general." Blackwood's Magazine contributed much to this. It assumed a far more familiar tone than either of the great Reviews had done: its dramatic characters, likewise lessened the dignity of periodical criticism. It was not nearly so formidable to be cut up by Timothy Tickler or Morgan O'Doherty, as by the important and official We, which had, up to that time, been the personage in use. That Magazine, also, purposely disclosed several of the secrets of the brotherhood; and, like the friars of old, when *their* secrets were let out, their power over the vulgar diminished. Moreover, every one who can hold a pen is now a critic;—the fact is known, and the glory of the profession has waned accordingly. Like some orders of knighthood, its estimation has passed away as its numbers have increased.

Private theatricals should never be held in London. The counterfeiters will not do so near the real metal: and all private theatricals are no more than counterfeiters. If Colonel — had to earn his livelihood by acting, he would have about *Silvester Daggerwood's* salary, "eight shillings a week, and four bits of candle;" and his brother would rank probably as *double* to Mr. Thomson.

## SUMMARY.

On an equal space where one man subsists in Iceland, 3 men subsist in Norway, 14 in Sweden; 36 in Turkey; 52 in Poland; 63 in Spain; 99 in Ireland; 114 in Switzerland; 127 in Germany; 153 in England; 158 in France; 172 in Italy; 192 in Naples; 224 in Holland; 1, 103 in Malta.

Governor CASS, of Michigan, and Col. PETER MENARD, of Illinois, have been appointed Commissioners for the purpose of holding a treaty with the Winnebago, and other tribes of Indians, for the sale of their lands adjoining the Mines upon the Upper Mississippi.

**Pension to Mr. Canning's family.**—On the 14th of May, the Chancellor of the exchequer proposed, in the House of Commons, that the pension of £3,000 granted to the late Mr. Canning, should be continued to one of his sons. The motion, although it experienced considerable opposition, was, after a long debate, carried by a majority of 107, there being in favor of the motion 161, and against it 54.

The Emperor of China, by a late edict, severely censures his Sheriffs for their frequent mistakes in executing one prisoner instead of another, as described in the death warrant, and cautions them against such mistakes in future.

The Pruth so often mentioned of late, is a river of Moldavia, running for the first half of its course, in a south easterly direction, and, for the other half, in a southerly, till it falls into the Danube from 80 to 90 miles from its mouth.—While the Pruth continues its south easterly course, it divides ancient Moldavia nearly in halves; after taking its southern direction, it is the boundary between that principality and the Russian province of Bessarabia. As the Russian frontier now extends to the Pruth, the principality of Moldavia is no longer bounded by the Dniester, as it appears in most maps, but has the Pruth for its north eastern boundary (not its north western, as stated in a New York journal;) and the Russian armies lie, we presume, not in Poland, but in that part of Moldavia on the left bank of the Pruth, acquired by Russia. The distance to Constantinople from the confluence of the Pruth and Danube, (to which point the Russian frontier extends) is about 250 miles by water and 300 by land, in a direct line.

There are 4,000 bible societies now organized and in operation throughout the world.

There are now, in all, 2,500 bible societies, connected with the British and foreign.

James Allen, Esq. of Boston, has made a spirited effort and experiment, on the quantity of matter which can be committed to



memory in strict perfection, in a given time; and is now able to repeat the contents in prose and poetry, of 1500 octavo pages, without the slightest variation from the text.

The number of persons who have emigrated from the United Kingdoms of Great Britain since 1815, to the British Provinces of North America, is computed at 350,000.

The good people of Boston are putting boots upon their horses' feet. *Query*.—To prevent corns?

The Russian Government has satisfied American claims to the amount of 220,000 rubles. It has also made a payment of about \$17,000, by way of indemnification for the obstruction of the voyage of the Brig Pearl, of Boston, in 1822.

A person in Virginia is making figured carpeting, which is said to be superior to the English and Scotch manufacture of the same sort.

Boiling water poured about the roots of peach trees, has been found to prevent decay or injury from worms.

Levi Disbrow's patent method of boring 'for wells and minerals,' has been put in successful operation, in various places in N. Jersey, Pennsylvania and N. York. He insures good water in all places.

The Emperor of Russia, in his declaration of war, says, "*All the Christians [at Constantinople] without distinction, were plundered and massacred, without trial: the rest fled.*"

*China*.—An Italian traveller, M. Honore Mattucci, has lately returned from China to his native city, Rome, after an absence of 36 years. He has brought with him an immense collection of curiosities. According to this traveller a census taken of the population of China, in 1818, gives the population of the Chinese empire within the great wall at 148 millions, which is much below the common estimate. The surface contains 700,000 square leagues. The army consists of 800,000 infantry, 400,000 cavalry, and 83,000 marines!

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## THE LITERARY REGISTER.

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MONDAY, JULY 21, 1828.

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We are reminded of an omission, with which we were chargeable, in not noticing, in our last, the celebration of the 4th of July, in "our village of Oxford"—by observing the fidelity with which many of our brother Editors have detailed the proceedings, in their respective neighbourhoods. This was the more unpardonable in us as we cannot plead "a croud of interesting advertise-

ments;" and because we are of opinion, that a minute and detailed account of the proceedings would very well bear a comparison with most of those which we have read, in regard to order, propriety and the ability evinced by our orators.

In the present state of public excitement, it is not to be expected, that an entire absence of all allusion to the cause of such excitement should mark the public performances of that day. Indeed the orator could hardly, from the topics which such an occasion must always bring up, have avoided, if he would, to deplore the tendency and consequences of that blind and extravagant party spirit, which now so wonderfully pervades the public mind. It must degrade our national character, and hold us up to the scorn of other nations, while it destroys our domestic peace, and saps the foundations of our patriotism. But farther, than to deplore the existence of such a state of things, no speaker ought, on such an occasion, to go. It is the anniversary of our freedom, the result of our previous union, and not the evidences of party,—the harbinger of the dissolution of our Republic, that we all meet to celebrate. Any attempt then to investigate the merits of the various candidates for office, or to graduate their claims to the public favour, could serve only to irritate one party, without pleasing the other:—for we would be sorry to believe, that the feelings of our citizens, even in the fierceness of party zeal, were so far debased as to take any pleasure in giving offence or pain to a respectable part, however small, of those who had assembled with them on this festival of liberty. Any thing that could be advanced, on such a subject, amidst the multiplicity of themes presented, must consist in assumption, or argument unsupported by an explicit reference to facts—a species of declamation ever to be avoided where there exists the least difference of opinion.

We are happy to remark, that less heat and more candour than was, all things considered, really to be expected, appear in most of the late 4th of July orations which we have seen. It angurs well, we think, of the increasing reflection and deliberation of our citizens on the Presidential question. They will not be much longer led, we hope, by demagogues of either party; but examine and decide for themselves. If they do so,

we have no fears for the result. The voice of the people will be heard, in despite of the obstreperous clamour of the interested and designing (for such alas! there are) and when heard it must and will be obeyed. Let the people announce their favourite, and let the annunciation be made with such dignity and determinate firmness as shall evince the conclusion to have been made without bias; and the bustling, violent, unprincipled disturbers of the public tranquility, whether incumbents or expectants, will shrink away, over-awed, into their primitive insignificance. It is the people themselves who are to blame for much of the present abuse that is lavished on the respective candidates for the Presidency. If they would neither read it when written nor listen to it when spoken, it would soon cease to be written and spoken. Those, of both parties, who now live by defamation and slander "in word and write" would then be compelled to employ themselves at something else, for which their talents and acquirements would equally qualify them, more harmless perhaps, certainly not more deleterious to society.

We would not oppose candid investigation; nor have our remarks any designed reference to Editors, or public functionaries who pursue a temperate course. But we affirm that there never can be occasion for one thousandth part of the abuse that is heaped upon the present candidates, for this plain reason, that if either of them is justly chargeable with a thousandth part of what is alleged against him, he is not fit to be elected.—We have our preference of course; but, unless we had some unquestionable evidence of important facts, relative to the affair, which had not yet been submitted to the public, we should deem it perfectly a work of supererogation to trouble the public either with this preference, or the grounds of it.—We are pretty certain that the result will be as we wish.—Our opponents are equally certain of the success of their party. Doubtless our wishes on both sides exercise considerable influence over our belief. We may be in an error. Will not our opponents make the same admission? The voice of the people must decide; and should we be in the minority we will cheerfully acquiesce. Nor would we, to gain the election for our favourite, knowingly invest him with a single excellency which he does not possess, nor charge his ri-

val with a crime of which he was not guilty.

We had intended to notice the very evident improvement in the literary character of these annual eulogies of freedom, within the last two or three years: but have room only to remark, at present, that the public taste must here too be the reformer. There is certainly still much room for improvement; and while the public will consent to be pleased with bombast and declamation, the orators will be often polite enough, even in opposition to their own taste and judgement, to comply with their wishes. This naturally corrupts the public taste, still more, and thus they go on mutually corrupting and being corrupted. But as the public is the preponderating influence, it is there that reform must commence, and when once begun, the process of reform will also be mutual. This process, we think, has already commenced, and we hope that it will long continue.

#### *A Convenience.*

A Dutchman, the other day, bid an extraordinary price for an alarm-clock, and gave as a reason, "Dat as he loff'd to rise early, he had now nothing to do but to bull de string, and he could wake himself."

*Royal Amusements.*—Louis XVI. was an excellent locksmith; Ferdinand the beloved is famous for his embroidery of petticoats. The present Emperor of Austria is said to make the best sealing-wax in Europe. He examines, with care, the seal of every letter brought him, and is delighted when he can say, as he generally does, "My own wax is better than that!" It is a pity that the employments of Kings are not always as innocent. Ferdinand would have no doubt made an excellent linen draper's shopman, had he been placed where nature designed him to be fixed; and the representative of the Cæsars would have made an excellent managing clerk in the house of certain wholesale stationers.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former, as a habit of the mind.—ADAMSON

## POETRY.



## ORIGINAL.

## A GIFT.

'HERE, LADY! TAKE THIS LITTLE VOLUME.'

Accept this pledge—remembrancer of hours  
Endear'd by joys you've taught my soul to  
taste;—

By joys, that, like the fairest, brightest flow-  
ers,  
You've kindly strew'd along life's desert  
waste.

Accept this little pledge—and though its  
worth

Is very trifling—it perchance may be,  
That, at some future day, it shall give birth,  
On mem'ry's page, to one kind thought of me.

Herald of blissful pleasures, when they're  
past—

While Time still moves with rapid, ceaseless  
wing—

Oh! may it never, while your life shall last,  
One thought of painful recollection bring.  
June 14th. 1828. EGBERT.

## SELECTED.

*From the Literary Gazette.*

## THE DYING SPANIARD'S CHARGE.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS OVERLOOKING  
GRANADA.

My gasping breath, I feel thee fail:  
My gallant boy, draw near—  
Brush off the dew that dims thy mail;  
For shame, it is a tear!

Here, take my sword; as yet the brand  
Has never missed its blow:  
God prosper it in thy young hand  
Against the Moslem foe!

Lift up my head—my parting gaze  
On yonder vale would be;  
Facing the red sun's fading rays,  
I speak my last to thee.

Look thou upon the plain below,  
With field and vineyard spread;  
And glory, like the morning's glow,  
Around yon city's head.

A thousand shrubs in blossom wreath  
Round fountains bright and clear;—

I almost fancy I can breathe  
Their gushing fragrance here.

Then mark the rock on which we lie,  
The eagle's rough domain;  
Its barren earth, its sullen sky,—  
Then look below again.

That valley is thy heritage!  
Could Eden be more fair!—  
Although an exile in my age,  
I spent my boyhood there.

Ours was the shame, and ours the loss;  
Carnage and conquest spread:  
The Crescent triumphed o'er the Cross,—  
Well may thy cheek grow red.

Still have a few in warfare stood  
Around the mountain brow;—  
I have not spared my strength and blood—  
And I am dying now!

But other, better days are thine:—  
My hopes are proud and high,  
And clearly does the future shine  
Before death's closing eye.

I see the gallant red Cross wave,  
I see the Moslems yield;  
I hear the war-cry of the brave—  
Haste, boy, and join the field!

Here make my grave; and haunting here,  
My spirit will remain,  
Till vanquished by the Christian spear,  
The Moors have fled from Spain.  
L. E. L.

Full little knowest thou that hast not spied  
What hell it is in suing long to bide:  
To lose good days that might be better spent;  
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;  
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sor-  
row;

To have thy prince's grace, yet want her  
peers;  
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;  
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;  
To eat thy heart thro' comfortless despair;  
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.  
Spenser.

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